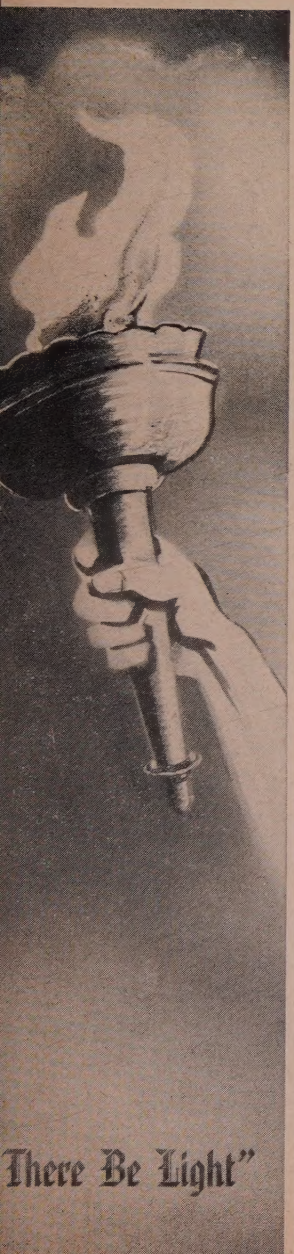
$1.50 " year

JUNE, 1943

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



There Be Light"

When Lilac Trees Are Sweet In Spring

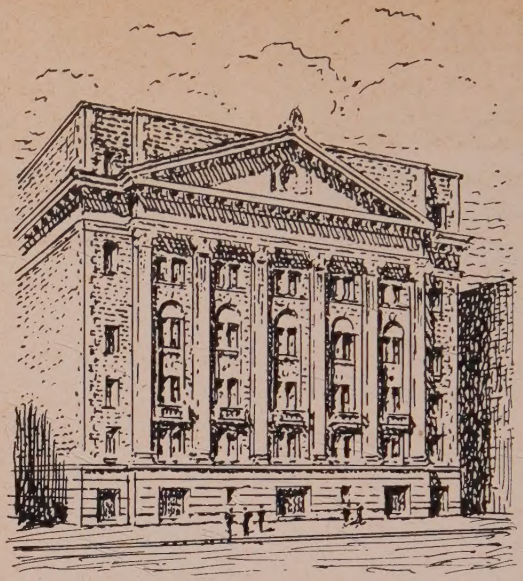
By EVELYN ARDIS WHITMAN

WHEN lilac trees are sweet in spring
And small white clouds go by
Flying with an apronful
Of sunlight through the sky,
My body is so light a thing
I tie it with a grocer's string!

When apple trees are pink in spring
And butterflies go by
Like velvet pattern pieces
From the patchwork of the sky,
Were I not tied with grocer's string
I'd take a flower-petal wing

And soar away to talk with trees
And make acquaintance of the bees!

—*Musings*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **June, 1943** *Number 3*

LOOKING AHEAD

DR. BRADLEY WILL SPEAK ON THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS FOR THE REMAINDER OF OUR CHURCH YEAR—

11:00 A. M.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6—BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY—"Youth—This Is Your Hour"

SUNDAY, JUNE 13—CLOSING SUNDAY AND ANNIVERSARY SERVICE—"31 Years in a Free Pulpit"

ALL SERVICES ARE BROADCAST BY WJJD

Plan to Attend These Services

THE CHURCH IS HAVING ITS BEST YEAR—YOUR CO-OPERATION, LOYALTY AND SUPPORT HAVE MADE IT POSSIBLE

A GLORIOUS EASTER IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

LACK of space in the May number prevented our mention of the Easter services, but as the eleven o'clock Easter sermon is being published in this issue, it is appropriate that we tell in this number of the beautiful and triumphant Easter day.

More than 6,000 people attended the Peoples Church on Easter Sunday. The day climaxed a week of unusually fine audiences, both at the noonday services held in the Chicago loop at the Erlanger theatre and in the church every evening during Holy Week. On Good Friday the audience completely filled the theatre; and the evening audience at the church was equally fine.

Though there was a heavy downpour on Easter morning, the rain did not dampen the ardor of those attending the beautiful service. At 9:30 o'clock Dr. Bradley spoke on "The Tomb in a Garden;" at 11:00 o'clock, his subject was "Easter and the World's Future," (for which so many requests have been received that it is published in this issue). The appropriate subject which Dr. Bradley chose for his 3:30 service was "Living the Easter Truth." At this service a class of 80 new members was received into the church and 36 infants and children were christened. Three pairs of twins were among the babies being christened. A note of interest was added to the class of new members by the fact that four of the number were relatives of Dr. Bradley—the two daughters of his sister, and their husbands, all of Linden, Michigan, Dr. Bradley's birthplace. He did not know of their intention to join the church until he came to the service on Easter Sunday. There were about 750 people in attendance at the afternoon service.

The platform was beautiful with blooming plants and flowers, the loving gifts of members and friends of the church.

In the evening again a great audience filled the church to hear Dr. Bradley's sermon "Are the Dead Alive?"

Though it was a beautiful Easter, the thoughts of many were with their boys in far-away lands, and it was the prayer of every service and every heart that next Easter might dawn on a far different world.

* * *

On Sunday, May 9, The Peoples Church held one of the finest Mothers' Day services of its history. The church was filled to overflowing and following the service there were two weddings held in the church and three christenings. Attending the service was the entire student body from the Coyne Electrical School. It has become an established custom (and one which Dr. Bradley greatly appreciates) for this student body to attend The Peoples Church service on Mothers' Day. Also in attendance were twelve students from the senior class of the High School at North Liberty, Indiana.

P. B.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO BROADCASTS

Dr. Bradley can be heard daily, Monday through Friday, over the following stations at the hours listed:

WGN—Chicago, Ill. . . . . 7:15 a.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. Dak... 6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark. . . . 7:45 a.m.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn. . . . 6:30 p.m.
KROC—Rochester, Minn. . . 6:30 p.m.
WOW—Omaha, Nebr. . . . . 7:15 a.m.
KSD—St. Louis, Mo. . . . . 7:15 a.m.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. . . . . 6:00 p.m.
WHO—Des Moines, Ia. . . . . 6:00 p.m.
KATE—Albert Lea-Austin, Minn. . . . . 8:00 p.m.

Won't you write your friends in any of the cities listed and ask them to listen in and send Dr. Bradley their comments.

SUNDAY SERVICES

SUNDAY MORNING—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD.
SUNDAY EVENING—Resumed September 19.

CHICAGO UNITARIAN CHURCHES ON THE AIR

Every Sunday morning at 10:00 o'clock on Station WAIT, one of the most powerful Chicago stations, the following Unitarian ministers will be heard:

May 2—Rev. Von Ogden Vogt—First Church.
May 9 and 16—Rev. Robert S. Turner —Hinsdale Church.
May 23 and 30—Rev. John R. Heyworth—Unity Church.
June 6 and 13—Rev. John Nicholls Booth—Evanston Church.

Dr. Bradley presides at these broadcasts and introduces the speaker.
This series was underwritten by the eight Unitarian Churches of the Chicago area, together with some personal gifts.

"EASTER AND THE WORLD'S FUTURE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, April 25, 1943

ONE of the most obvious facts in the world of natural life is the persistency of the will to survive. That observation cannot be denied by even the most materially-minded philosopher or observer. To a great many people it has certain intangible aspects, they cannot analyze it, they cannot define it; to other people who are somewhat more spiritually sensitive to the existence of eternal values they do not have such a difficult time in comprehending its true proportions; but whether we look at the problem from the basis of a very limited intellectual grasp, or whether we listen to the dominating dictation of our emotional life, or whether we come to the fact with a finely trained and beautifully developed intellectual equipment,—whatever is the degree or status of our approach, there is the general truth—and you will find it in every area of observation, something inherent in the constituency of the cosmos, the universe, of which we are identities, that is constantly saying to us, "We must not let go! We must live, we must persist, we must project!" and the law and that attitude is universal. It smiles to us today from the face of this flower-decked pulpit. Every flower that has come out of the womb of darkness into the light is smilingly saying to your morning faces "See, I didn't die, I wanted to live and follow my destiny in the pattern of my life, and here I am, a beautiful, fully developed flower! I have obeyed the law of life!" That's the music from the face of the Easter lily, and that is what it says: "I have obeyed the law of life, I persisted through," and every flower on this pulpit today, if it could speak the language of our limited kingdom, would say to us, "By botanical standards, I may not be a perfect Easter lily. The botanist might be able to take me into his laboratory, tear my petals apart, examine the stamen, the corolla, the perfume, the color, and all the necessary equipment of what finally makes me an Easter lily, and might find that I am not a perfect lily; I may be a shade off color; my perfume may not be quite up to standard, something may have entered in somewhere to change the formation of the corolla, so that I am defective and imperfect, and the scientific observer and the botanist might, with justification, criticize me, but I will tell you something about the law of life: *I am the best that I could be with the environment which produced me.*" That is the message of a flower; that is the eternal truth of a blade of grass on your lawn, it is true of every living thing, for the superlative imperative back of life inspires us into being, under every law of every environment, the best that we can be. That is true of life, of the whole world of nature.

There may be limited moisture: the flower makes the best of it. There may be limited light, but it will turn its face with the moving sun; it may be poorly constituted soil, but those roots will take out of that soil every particle of nourishment available. *THERE IS SOME IMPERATIVE IN THE COSMOS THAT CREATES A PERSISTENT, ETERNAL, NEVER-ENDING WILL TO LIVE!* and all that

Jesus did was to demonstrate the law, and *if we could only have a perception of how to make that law applicable in our own human experience, we could live triumphantly through every given circumstance of life.* There would be no disease, there would be no pain, there would be no interference to the perfected will of a divine personality structurally operating in the cosmos. We, ourselves, by remaining on low levels of our own spiritual potentialities, create the environment in which death and decay live.

I have been quite alone in some of my thinking and I am probably quite alone in this, because I do not accept the conventional interpretation of Easter at all in connection with the life and personality of Jesus; I put an entirely different construction upon it and the whole thing has an entirely new and deep significance to me that sometimes people cannot respond to and they do not understand. I think that Jesus was a demonstration that because of his spiritual perception and the achievement of a spiritual consciousness the laws which would have utterly destroyed lesser people had no effect upon him whatsoever; he was a part of the eternal and as a part of the eternal the physical law might operate on his physical structure to the extent that everyone about him and everyone who saw him would say he died, but the spiritual personality of Jesus was beyond the reach of physical law just as the spiritual personality of yourself, your inner, real personality, is beyond the grasp of physical law. The victory of Jesus was not in dying and then coming to life, the victory of Jesus was *IN NEVER DYING,* never being amenable to the law of death. You and I are. Our physical structure shall decay and pass away. There is no perpetuity to a physical plane. As long as we function upon this plane these bodies will react with certain physical manifestations, but this body belongs to the plane upon which it functions; this flesh and bone shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. Is there not authority for that itself in the sacred Scriptures? 'Flesh and blood shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven,' and there are those so faulty in their reasoning, so obscure in their intellectual understanding, and so illiterate in their historical comprehensions that their only proof of Christ now is to be found in a physical structure that belongs to a physical plane. Jesus had no part in such mechanistic, materialistic philosophy. The body of Jesus carried the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of Christ is deathless. No man dare say, and no man can prove that Christ ever died. He did not die, and the glory and the beauty and the truth of the Easter is the continuing triumph of defeating all physical law, persisting through the manifestations of blood-letting on the cross, the agony of his physical suffering, the depths of his agony in the garden, and all the other physical limitations of a physical, mechanistic plane of consciousness, but the one thing that did not let go was the deathless, ageless, eternal spirit of Christ! It lived through the crucifixion of the body of Jesus, and then in the glorious realization of that triumph when in the materialization in the consciousness of Mary who sought for her Lord, and saw, in the materialization of her mind, one standing by an open tomb, whom she did not recognize and only when the Master spoke to her in the words that no man can say, words that are not a part of the physical at all, in the spiritual voice of the soul to Mary's spiritual consciousness, he said "Mary," and she knew him. *It is the triumph of that which never dies which is the glory of the Easter reality.*

If there was some way in which we

could sensitize all who have to do with the future history of the world with the sensitiveness of that eternal discernment, Easter and the future, what would it be? Why, sometimes it staggers the imagination, it dims the perception, sometimes I will awaken in the night in a Pullman pounding and clanging, listening to the wheels on the rails, and in the environment of the train it will all seem like such a strange world. Or when a plane in the sky at night going through the clouds, is saturated by the peculiar quality of moonlight when it rests upon a moving object in the sky, there flashes over me sometimes, in an uncanny way that I cannot explain, a question: "Why cannot you of earth make a world out of your opportunity? What is in the way? Sky enough, land enough, earth enough, coal enough, oil enough, iron enough, gold enough, enough of everything, everything, and yet the forces of evil crystallize themselves into materialistic personalities and those personalities capture the imagination of people in the resurrection of blighting philosophies of racial superiority, of religious superiority, of national superiority, and those blighting philosophies, which belong to the physical, are working in the animalistic background of human nature, and the first thing you know, these forces of evil crystallize more deeply, solidify more perfectly, and then comes war, and hell breaks loose again upon the world! Man uses the mighty genius of his creative, inventive potentiality, which could be used as the instrumentality to bring him contentment, comfort, joy in his poetry, drama, beauty, goodness, truth, man might be sweeping on his way into the ages down the pathless experimentation for his own personal contentment and protection, man could be soaring today in all the refined heights of beauty and truth—why doesn't he, and why hasn't he?

Tragically enough, those who have shouted the most about Jesus, those who have organized religion the most effectively so that it becomes a structure of ceremony and of processes of following out the physical and mechanistic techniques, tragically and unfortunately we have spent 1900 years of the philosophy of Jesus Christ in separating ourselves into three, four, five and six hundred different religious denominations and different religious church techniques, creeds . . . we have taken the potentiality in the heart and soul of the Man of Galilee and we have wasted it and squandered it in our own selfishness, in our own greed, in our own pride until we have developed a physical world environment in which disease and sin and every vicious, destructive influence found receptivity in the hearts of certain types and kinds of people; and then good people, decent people, good nations, good ideals, have once more to be baptized in human blood, not with water but blood, our baptism is the baptism of blood, and it came upon us because we substituted form for truth, method for reality, and we took the outside of the cup and we embellished it with our creeds, our churches, our pageantry, our parades, until the most glorious uniform in the Easter parade that you will look at in your paper tomorrow, of those who display clothes and finery in the opportunity of Easter, will not be the finery upon their backs, the most honored minds of the Easter parade today, and the most honored wearing apparel will be the costume of this glorious country of ours where the poor and rich men, the poor and rich boys, the poor and rich women, together, look just alike in the garment of our nation.

And in the future of this world of ours, if the universality of the Easter

truth, with its permanent values, could ever be released in the world, we would all put on the uniform of Christ and you would see such a change in the whole atmosphere of this earth that out of it would develop an increasingly new day! And now I give you my faith, THAT DAY IS COMING! I stand in my pulpit on Easter, 1943, the second Easter Sunday of war for my nation, and I say that out of this whole world disaster, this whole world conflict, out of the more than a hundred boys from this Church who are in the outposts of the world today and are thinking of this service this moment, that out of the heartaches, tears, sorrow and suffering, I say to you that the Easter truth, the survival, the perpetuity of man's highest and best hopes and his most perfect dreams, is being affirmed just as the eternal Christ consciousness was affirmed in Gethsemane! We are going to experience, and it will begin within a year,—we are going to experience a world-wide renaissance of spiritual beauty! The world is on the threshold of the greatest upheaval it has ever known and there will be a revival of spiritual consciousness. The churches, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant, the churches of the world, under the necessity of common survival, are gradually beginning to tear down the things that separate them. More Jews, more Catholics, more Protestants, are co-operating today, more universally-minded men in the Churches, beginning with one of the great leaders of all the nations, the Vatican itself, coming to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and down to the great prophetic voice of the modern churches of the United States of America, until before long you will see the beginning of the greatest manifestation of spiritual power the world has ever seen. It will come out of the leadership of nations; it will sweep like a prairie fire around the world! Men who will try to build an old world diplomacy upon the basis of the past history, will be inefficacious. Men who seek to substantiate the old political emphasis will no longer be considered! The world is undergoing one of the deepest and most permanent infiltrations of spiritual consciousness human history has ever seen! That will be the Easter of the Future. It will come; it is the beginning of the Dawn!

Away from the pettiness of little creeds, away from the deification of our denominational emphases, away from the petty theological bickerings, drop them all. Jesus did when he uttered that great sentence: "Let the dead bury their dead." Those things are dead, they are no longer important, they are no longer necessary, and there comes to me in the beauty of the triumph of this hour in the manifestation of the permanency of truth and the unconquerable character of beauty, there comes to me this classic illustration, and I use it without a comment:

In Europe there was once a student in the University in Paris who had studied and worked hard and he needed physical rest and physical change. So he wanted to climb mountains and he packed his knapsack and went by train to a little mountain station at the foot of the Pyrenees. Going into the inn, he said to the innkeeper, "I want to get someone who is a good guide to go with me in the afternoon up among the mountains of the Pyrenees," and the innkeeper said, "I think we have just the man you are looking for." They met, they started on their expedition, they were to return the same night, but a great storm swept down through the valleys until the mountains reverberated and shook and they sought refuge in a crevice on

the hillside. Night deepened and they prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible. The young man lay by the side of the elderly mountain climber and very soon they were both asleep, when all at once the mountain shook, the skies trembled. The boy awakened, frightened, the rain was beating in his face, lightning flashed, the rocks trembled, and he awakened the old guide and said, "Is this the end of the world? I am frightened!" and the old guide said, "No, my son, don't be frightened, turn over and go to sleep; this is the way the dawn comes up in the Pyrenees."

Taken From Dr Bradley's New Book "My Daily Strength"

PRAGMATIC RELIGION

The first religious attribute of the religion which is adequate to the needs of this world in chaos today is rational and intellectual integrity. It must accept Truth wherever it finds it. Neither ignorance nor illiteracy has ever been an attribute of the Divine.

Religion must stand up against the rationalizing processes of the human intellect. Saturate such a religion with a deified force and passion for love of your fellowman, and you will create a power that will save humanity and preserve civilization!

A religion to be adequate must have a social courage—must be right out in the forefront in its antagonism against any social environment which destroys the human personality. It will manifest itself in the social and economic life of the people.

This day, we are glad in our hearts for the challenge of the storm, glad for the victory in our hearts because we met the challenge; there is renewal and encouragement and strength and power in that victory.

We are glad, deeply glad, that we have learned, down through the years, the necessity for disciplining the heart and soul and body and mind in order that we might reflect the real significance of the power of triumphant living.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary,
The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave.,
Chicago, Ills.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

MOST of us have to walk with the procession and with the crowd. The leaders out front are rare and those to whom it is given to achieve spectacularly are fewer still. The rest of us spend our lives plodding along, taking each day as we find it, dreaming our dreams and seeing some of them crushed to earth, and occasionally experiencing the joy of success. There comes a time in each individual's life when the right word, at the right time, by the right person means a lot. Of course people of more genius, to whom nature has been more generous, want little of such encouragement. They are sufficient unto themselves. Again, we see around us many people who are unwilling to keep up the struggle, and they take recourse in the brutal artificialities and sometimes attempt to drown their regrets in dissipation. There is no more tragic sight than human beings floundering helplessly in the billows of modern life, putting in at this false port of pleasure and then trying another one, lacking chart and pilot, and hoping desperately that some fortunate wind will blow them into some haven of real safety. The whole history of civilization is but the history of struggle. Every great personality who has ever plowed his way into human history for the benefit of the human race, has had to fight his way in through resistance and opposition and criticism. Every great advance which man has ever made in the history of the race has been made in the presence of those who said "It can't be done." Every great idea which has ever been of value to humankind has had to struggle long and persistently for acceptance. Man has never willingly, voluntarily and graciously accepted that which was good for him.

Happiness and success come from making of ourselves all that we can with the material with which we have to work. Success consists in the discovery of what is preventing you from being the kind of a person you want to be and then fighting that thing; discovering what is holding us back; what is keeping us from being that which we dream of becoming, and declaring war on that interference.

Instead of so much complaint and criticism and attempting to place the blame and locate the responsibility on

others or on some external condition, if we would all roll up our sleeves and say to this thing: "We propose to eliminate you here and now," we might find, in a few months, conditions much different than they are. Happiness and success can only come from making of ourselves something which is nearer and nearer our ideals. Life is growth and development. That is the reason why a worthy ideal should always be set before us. Pitching life high is just another way of saying that you can never come into the full glory of yourself until you choose to dwell with the best you know, striving all the time to replace each goal with a more distant one, as you draw near to the nearer objective.

P. B.

BOOK CHATS

FROM the point of view of the journalist one of the best newspapers published in America is the Christian Science Monitor. I remember reading an article on the novel which was published in The Monitor to which the writer signed only his or her initials. I found it so interesting that I wish to discuss it with you for this month's Book Chats.

The talk was on literature, and the lady showed a rare and discerning intelligence. Her air of superior intellectual refinement irritated me somewhat. She pointed with superior wisdom, I thought, to Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Wordsworth, Lowell, Tennyson, Emerson, and other immortals who reveal the light of hope and courage and duty. With an exquisite gesture of impatience at my immaturity she said "Our intellectual nature is like the chameleon and takes color from that from which it feeds; to read light literature is simply to lean on weakness."

I parried, retreated, squirmed, and returned to the attack from another angle. "I admit," I said, "that fiction is not the whole of literature, but it is a segment of the circle; I do not regard it as a satisfactory medium for the expression of all forms of truth and fact. You are quite right in your insistence that there is a fine relation between the choice of books and character. But, somehow, dear lady, you impress me as a person who lives somewhere behind the fissure of the Victorian Era." She laughed at this and went on:

"Maybe it is a matter of temperament with me, but I simply cannot read and enjoy novels. I am possibly an ill-starred victim, deserving your sympathy more than you deserve mine, but really my limitation is my strength; and at any rate, I feel no great deprivation."

I pointed out that the poet Gray achieved his superlative happiness by lying on a couch reading stories that made him forget himself, stories that had neither elevation nor improvement to them. But she came back at me with a fierce challenge in her voice, "Yes, he did—he did—and he wrote nothing of any importance after the 'Elegy.' Remember I have Lowell back of me in this; and please do not forget that the writer who does not employ himself in harmony with his endowments will have his gift taken from him."

In vain did I make my assertion that

writers like Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot and the multitude of fiction craftsmen render a service to mankind that puts them in the front rank of the world's benefactors. In vain did I plead that the ignorant and humble are not the only ones who find relief and joy in reading stories. In vain did I draw attention to the modern apotheosis of the novel. She sat imperturbable like the Sphinx, and no argument of mine could move her. When I saw her to the door she threw a parting shot over her shoulder with a little laugh. I returned to my chair to reflect and more clearly define my views.

I recalled my first encounter with "David Copperfield," and the great day on which I met "Adam Bede," and the happy time I had with "Huckleberry Finn," and the tremendous impression made on me by "The Scarlet Letter." Is it better to convey experience and the fruit of insight through dialectic or by characterization? This remains: good characterization always convinces. I find something in Hugh Walpole's "Cathedral" that my favorite preacher has tried to say again and again—and not quite succeeded!

The unspeakable charm of the novel is that it clarifies human life by repeating it and rearranging it. Through its clear medium we can see ourselves and live our days over again, eliminating their follies, or we can enter fairyland and play therein as children.

Novels have a remarkable power of stirring our capacity for feeling; thus they unfold and expand our endowment of sympathy. They bring us into the most vital contact with others, the feeling contact. I think this is the most distinctive quality of George Eliot's books, her broad catholicity and sympathy. Her learning and culture have been much talked of, but her wonderful discerning sympathy has not been fully recognized. She gives in one place this bit of self-revelation: "I am anxious to begin my fiction writing." What a matchless series of tales she has told! No writer has better described domestic difficulties, permeated with a purer feeling.

Again, the novel does not hamper one with a point of view. The story unrolls like a scroll and we follow it. We are not tethered to a dogma, a tradition. It leaves us to draw our own moral, to make our mistakes if we will in drawing the moral. O, Lady Friend, how great a thing is this in the face of all your moralizing!

Another high charm of the novel is the bit of oblivion it affords the reader. Our novels furnish what is equal to the position of the child who escapes from a drab environment into a pantomime. The housemaid who has toiled all day over tasks that have no color picks up a novel for an hour of diversion and drifts away into the country where dishes are never washed! The lady of the house finds the same relief from her domestic cares by reading, it may be, the very same book. The poor city dweller reads of a universe luxurious and grand, and forgets the sordiness and gloom. In reading novels we are like people who flock from the side streets and alleys of some city to look at a royal procession or an historical pageant.

* * *

For the benefit of those who are interested in developing a background for a full understanding of the role this country is playing in world affairs, the Council on Books in Wartime has compiled a list of books to serve just that purpose. The list was prepared under the supervision of Miss Jennie Flexner, chairman of the Council's library committee, and bears the heading, "U. S. History for U. S. Citizens." Doubtless our readers will re-

call the recent survey which showed great ignorance of American history among college and high-school students, and as vacation-time affords to many greater opportunities for reading, the list is very timely:

"America, the Story of a Free People," by Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager (Little, Brown), a narrative of the American people from its beginnings to Pearl Harbor.

"The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles and Mary Beard (Macmillan), an interpretation of American History from the beginning to the machine age.

"The Growth of the American Republic," by Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager (Oxford University Press), an outstanding, vivid presentation of historical events, critical biographies and analyses of political doctrines.

"The Epic of America," by James Truslow Adams (Little, Brown, also Blue Ribbon), which sketches our national history and interprets the various elements and qualities of character that have gone into its making.

"America in World Affairs," by Allan Nevins (Oxford), a brief summary of the important factors in our recent foreign policy.

"The Heritage of America," by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins (Little, Brown), a collection of personal narratives of leading historical figures and their contemporaries.

"The Federalist" (Dutton, also Modern Library), "Storm Over the Land," by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace), a "profile of the Civil War," which includes sections from the four-volume "The War News," some of which has been re-written by the author.

"The Declaration of Independence," by Carl Becker (Knopf), a study of the political philosophy of the great cornerstone of our democracy.

"Bulwark of the Republic," by Burton Hendrick (Little, Brown), a survey of the last 150 years, showing the part played by individual statesmen in the growth and interpretation of the Constitution; and

"The Frontier in American History," by F. J. Turner (Holt), which portrays the influence of western expansion in the growth of the country and on American life."

P. B.

HACKLEY SCHOOL

Hackley School, a non-sectarian preparatory school for boys, drawing its chief support from the Unitarian denomination, is located at Tarrytown, twenty-five miles from New York City. Hackley offers, through its day school, and five and seven day boarding plan, the best possible liberal education for boys up to draft age.

While still retaining the high standards of college preparatory curriculum, Hackley has broadened its activities to include outstanding courses in aeronautics and a full department of arts and crafts.

For the first time in its forty-four years, Hackley is conducting a summer session, with credit courses for both boys and girls and a day camp for boys only. For further information, write to Dr. Mitchell Gratwick, Headmaster.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

HERE I am again at our Island home! Since we arrived three days ago, the first spring weather has come into the North Woods. Until now it has been very cold, with frequent snow storms, but the last three days have been heavenly. The trees, only beaded with the tiniest buds, are being coaxed by the warm sunshine and there is rapid, almost hourly, change in trees, lilac bushes, grass, perennials in the garden just peeping through the ground, and all growing things are awakening. Many of the birds preceded us by a few days and are already busy building fresh nests in all our bird houses, and others are planning their homes in cedars or pines, where boughs are heavy and green, and they need not wait for the late leaf growth of the birches. Their spring songs are sweet and joyful as they join in happy chorus from dawn till dark.

We have sat on the dock many hours enjoying the balmy air and warm sunshine. The lake with scarcely a ripple, softly drones a drowsy song as it laps the shore. Even these few days have been helpful to Dr. Bradley. While he leaves today reluctantly, he goes back to his work considerably benefited by this delightful quiet and rest. I will regain my strength rapidly I am sure, and soon be poking around in the garden and painting on the porch. Lest I take up all our allotted space chatting about the beauty of awakening spring on the Island, we will open the Mail Bag: The first letter is one which Dr. Bradley appreciates very much, as it comes from the Protestant Chaplain at the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois. The letter was written at the request of one of the inmates, and of course his name will not be published. The letter follows:

"Dear Doctor Bradley: An inmate was in my office this morning and asked me on behalf of himself and a group of men in the Stateville institution, to write you and say that they listen to your radio message each Sunday morning and they want to express their enjoyment and appreciation of same. Also, they understand that you are to speak on the subject of your experience in radio broadcasting next Sunday morning and they anticipate the address with much pleasure.

Yours very truly,
Edward E. Hastings,
Protestant Chaplain."

And here is one which will be especially interesting to those who remember Dr. Bradley's earliest broadcasts and the voice of Jerry Sullivan:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Your discourse Sunday—'Radio Reminiscences,' let's call it—was followed and enjoyed greatly by Mrs. Sullivan and myself. I can appreciate your mental attitude—a trunkful of memories are priceless to me.

"I am deeply grateful, Dr. Bradley, for the privilege of pioneering in radio, and especially so, for that eventful day in May of 1924, when we became closely acquainted and I had the extreme pleasure—shaking in my boots all the time—of introducing you, Dr. Bradley, and The Peoples Church of Chicago to a waiting, listening public.

There were many events in my radio career since March of 1922—and happening daily now—that are priceless. Money could not buy these experiences —memories in building our greatest industry. For instance—the elderly couple talking to me about their crystal set and reminding me of things I had forgotten. Another about late hour dissipation to hear the midnight waltz and other songs. Then the letter a wayward son wrote, after hearing my mother song 'Write a Letter Home to Mother,' who did just that and healed the broken ties, going back home, making everybody happy. My 'Dad' songs, etc.; Hines Hospital patients, institutions of all kinds—responses that will always live. Girls and boys coming to me now, introducing themselves and wanting to meet me because their mothers and fathers say such nice things. People greeting me with my radio trademark — 'Chi-*caw*-ga' — so many events that live on and on. But the outstanding and greatest, for the benefit of mankind, regardless of race, color or creed, was your introduction. The basic principle of every sermon, talk, reading or word uttered by you in your nineteen years that was broadcast, was the Truth of Divine Intelligence, always spoken to do the most good for all. Respectfully and sincerely yours,

Jerry."

And here is one from an elderly Methodist minister that is very interesting. Well—it seems that Doctor draws them all without thought of creeds! This minister's letter is from Mitchell, South Dakota:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I have been very much interested in some of your recent lectures on WOW—one in particular, had a letter from a father to his son in the service of his country. I should esteem it a favor if you would kindly send me a copy of the same. It was broadcast about the 26th of April, I should judge. You are doing a fine thing for the morale of service men and production workers and citizens who are desirous of doing their bit.

"I am a pastor emeritus of churches. I have served in Michigan and Detroit in the Methodist Church for about 30 years. By the way, I am teaching the Old Men's Bible Class in the Mitchell Methodist Church School, S. D. The church has over 1200 members. The average age of the members is 82-plus years, and I am in my 8th year as leader of these worthy men. Born 12/22/69. Very sincerely,

James T. Gurney."

You know Dr. Bradley is heard over the radio every morning from many stations and he is now receiving friendly letters from cities in Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota and other states at such distances as we seldom used to hear from. I give you one now from Omaha, which expresses gratitude for the morning talk:

"Mr. Preston Bradley: I have procrastinated long enough! Many mornings I have been grateful to you for your beautiful thoughts. Some days it seemed that you were bringing to me a personal message of cheer and happiness—I say personal for it was exactly what I needed. Of course, realizing that in this world there are thousands of others who need the same encouragement. When you asked for reactions of your audience it brought me even closer to you for I understand the human need for interest of others in what we are accomplishing. Particularly did I enjoy your talk on Van Gogh and Gaugain. I had just completed reading the life of these two men. On my next visit to Chicago only hope their paintings are still adorning the walls of the museum for I should

like to see them. Please keep up the good work. Sincerely,

Maurine Gamble."

This Mail Bag bears me out in what I have so often remarked—that people of all types and creeds and in all walks of life listen to Dr. Bradley. The following message adds to the list:

"Dear Doctor: I have heard you 'knocked' by self-called Christians. I am an American, twice-born, a soldier in the Salvation Army. I heard you this morning. Here is a 'boost.' I am a veteran of World War I. Was in the Soldiers' Home to recuperate from extreme nervousness. It broke me down from a proficient Salvation Army indoor-outdoor worker as a local officer. I am trying at the age of 71 years to 'build up' again. You have *blessed* me this morn. Thomas C. Fletcher."

And here is a friendly note from a lovely lady who writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Thank you for another inspirational sermon. You were wonderful this morning. What Donn Piatt said about hero-worship may well apply to your sermons: 'It stimulates the young to deeds of heroism, stirs the old to unselfish efforts and gives the masses models of mankind, that tend to lift humanity above the commonplace meanness of ordinary life.'

"You mentioned Mother's Day and I wondered if you would like to be reminded of the poem I sent to you last year, but too late for Mother's Day. It was called 'The Mother,' by Katherine Tynon. Please do not use it without it fits in your mood of your sermon. Most sincerely yours, with great admiration,

Rosetta M. Lukey."

Now we will have to close the Mail Bag. Remember you can hear Doctor every morning as well as Sundays. Don't forget to write!

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Marvyn F. Harbert to Head Art Work At Uptown Players Center

Art classes are now forming at The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St. This department is to be directed by Marvyn F. Harbert. Mr. Harbert studied at the Chicago Art Institute and with Elsa Martin Anshutz, artist director of the Beaux Arts School of Gloucester, Massachusetts and St. Petersburg, Florida. He did his first theatrical work with Alice Clark Kieft, director of the Springfield Civic Theatre, and later designed sets and taught classes at the Chicago Little Theatre Guild. He also executed settings and costumes for Ballet International in New York.

Mr. Harbert has received national recognition through both his designs for the theatre and stage and for his paintings, which have been accepted in the leading art galleries and throughout the country. He recently returned from successful exhibits in Miami, St. Petersburg and Tampa.

Mr. Harbert is now Art Director of The Uptown Players and will design all their sets in their own workshop. Recently complete electrical equipment has been installed in the shop, making it possible to completely construct and paint all their own settings. Mr. Harbert will teach painting and design, costuming, and actual painting. There will be a children's class, also a special class—"Art in Wartime"—for women who desire to do their own home decorating and to learn the art of color combination.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle St. **Whitehall 5257**

JUNE CALENDAR

June 4—8:30 P.M.—"Theatre" by Somerset Maugham, dramatized by Guy Bolton. Directed by J. Bradley-Griffin. Opening performance. Admission 55c.

June 5—8:30 P.M.—"Theatre"—Admission 55c.

June 6—5:00 P.M.—Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin.

June 10—8:15 P.M.—J. Bradley-Griffin, assisted by Philip Jorgensen, in his recital version of "The American Way," by George Kaufman and Moss Hart. Admission 35c.

June 11—8:30 P.M.—"Theatre"—Admission 55c.

June 12—8:30 P.M.—"Theatre"—Admission 55c.

June 13—5:00 P.M.—Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin.

June 14—10 A.M.—Summer School classes begin.

June 18—8:30 P.M.—"Theatre"—Admission 55c.

June 19—8:30 P.M.—"Theatre"—Admission 55c.

June 20—5:00 P.M.—Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin

June 24—8:15 P.M.—Luella DeWindt, Maxine Casseretto, assisted by Rhea Shelters, in Song Recital. Admission 35c.

June 25—8:30 P.M.—"Theatre"—Admission 55c.

June 26—8:30 P.M.—"Theatre"—Admission 55c.

June 27—5:00 P.M.—Vesper Service conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin.

* * * * * *

July production—"George Washington Slept Here" by Moss Hart and George Kaufman.

August production—"Out of the Frying Pan," by Francis Swann.

Note: We are offering a SUMMER THEATRE SPECIAL ticket for $1.00, which entitles the purchaser to an admission to any two of the three summer plays, all of the Thursday attractions, and studio performances of new Chicago plays. Information furnished upon request.

Registration is now open for 8 weeks summer course in Acting and Characterization, Voice and Diction, Radio, Body Control, Playwrighting, Stage Design, Work Shop, Art and Art Appreciation. Classes begin June 14. Detailed information will be furnished upon request.

"SUPERLATIVES"

BROADCAST BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Given over WGN March 17th, 1943.

USUALLY it is not considered good form to use too many superlatives. Sometimes it indicates a shallowness of thinking or a limited imagination, and yet our enthusiasms frequently inspire us to extravagant utterances in the use of unqualified superlatives. I am going to use some superlatives tonight and each one might be the basis for a broadcast. Many people are finding it necessary to spend more time in their homes than perhaps they have for several years. This has resulted in the increase of games which amuse and entertain. This broadcast tonight is almost like one of those games; in fact, it could be used as a home game some evening and I assure you would result in more conversation and probably agreeable argument than you might have had for a long time. I am going to read them straight through—these superlatives—and see what you think about them. For each one, I think, would suggest perhaps a different reply, and at any rate would inspire many points of view. Here they are: What is the best day?—Today. The best town?—Where you succeed. The biggest fool?—The person who will not learn. The most agreeable companion?—One who would not have you any different from what you are. The great bore?—One who will not come to the point. The still greater bore?—One who keeps on talking after he has made his point. The great deceiver?—One who deceives himself. The greatest invention of the devil?—War. The greatest secret of production?—Saving waste. The best work?—What you like to do. The best play?—Work. The greatest comfort?—The knowledge that you have done your work well. The greatest mistake?—Giving up. The most disastrous indulgence?—Hate. The cheapest, most stupid and easiest thing to do?—Finding fault. The greatest trouble maker?—One who talks too much. The greatest stumbling block?—Egotism. The worst bankrupt?—The man who has lost his enthusiasm. The cleverest man?—One who always does the right thing. The most dangerous man?—The liar. The most disagreeable man?—The complainer. The best teacher?—The one who makes you want to learn. The meanest feeling of which any human being is capable?—Feeling envious at another's success. The greatest need?—Common sense. The greatest mystery?—Death. The greatest thought?—God. The greatest thing in all the world?—Love. Already, I am sure it has occurred to every listener that I could take any one of these superlatives which I have just read, and by enlarging upon them find something which might be of great value to us all. But every one of them suggests achievement and every one presents a challenge to each of us, and the hour in which we are living is one which demands from each of us our highest and best contribution and that we do not succumb to any spirit of defeatism which might be stimulated by the world of today. All of us should welcome the challenge and recognize that we have within ourselves resources of strength and power great enough to enable us to overcome and surmount every difficulty. There is much disillusionment, much discouragement, much temptation to take the easy way, the short-cut, to do the ex-

pedient rather than the right thing. But we are men, and because we are, we can rise above the dull level of yielding. It is not what destiny does with us, but what we do with destiny that determines what we shall become. It is this determination which is now more than ever essential. Cripple man and you have a Sir Walter Scott. Put him in a prison cell and you have a John Bunyan. Bury him in the snows of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington. Place him in the midst of poverty and you have an Abraham Lincoln. Load him with bitter racial prejudice and you have a Disraeli. Steep him with rheumatic pains until for years he cannot sleep without opiates and you have a Steinmetz. Put him in a grease-pit of a locomotive roundhouse and you have a Walter P. Kreisler. Make him second-fiddler in an obscure South American orchestra and you have a Toscanini. Place him in the center of a leper infected jungle and you have a Father Damien. Take his musical genius and his surgical skill and plant them in the steaming heat and vermin-infested jungle of Africa, and you have a Dr. Albert Schweitzer. No. the challenge of life ought not to be thought of in any way except as an opportunity, and the hardships of life are not given to us because a destiny is unkind, and we should always think of every hardship and every difficulty as a challenge—a challenge which will awaken and arouse the potentiality within us, until we are able to meet the high challenge by superior and noble achievement. I have never accepted for one moment that our humanity is our weakness. Our humanity is our strength. People who are continually presenting the idea of the ignoble and sinful character of humanity are people who apparently have only seen certain kinds of people. People who are only thinking of humanity in terms of its failures and its defeats are people who must have known and who must have had experiences with the wrong kind of people. There is a dignity and a beauty about humanity and it never was more obvious than today. Right through this tragic experience of war there are being revealed qualities of heroism and the grandeur of people that in times of ease, security and comfort they did not know they possessed. Never have I known people to be finer and better, more cooperative, more willing to share, than they are today. There are the other kind, of course, and they are altogether too numerous, but the hope and stability, as indeed the recovery from the agony and tragedy of this world conflict will rest with the minds and hearts of the people who used adversity as opportunity, and hardship as a stepping stone. We are all being disciplined these days, and irrespective of how it affects us emotionally or disturbs us temperamentally, the final result upon ourselves, upon society, and the world, will be good. To recognize this truth is to make it easier for us to meet the responsibilities, handle the problems and accept the challenges which this hour is offering to us and which, if we do not fail, will make it the most glorious hour in all the history of mankind.

"THEATRE"

Somerset Maugham's great novel, "Theatre" which has been dramatized by Guy Bolton, is the current offering at The Uptown Players Center, J. Bradley-Griffin, Director.

"Theatre" will give you a very good time, hold you from the rise of the curtain until Miss Lamie's last exit; a theatrical enterprise that sends you away with a happy heart.

See page 16 of this issue for full schedule of dates of performance.

Address Given By Dr. Preston Bradley

SUNDAY, MAY 16TH, "I AM AN AMERICAN DAY," AT SOLDIER FIELD

"BREATHES there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said—This is my own, my native land." These words are from the favorite poem of the greatest work of art America has yet produced—Abraham Lincoln. Never, in all the long, unbroken years of our nation's growth have these words been in the hearts of our countrymen as they are in this hour—"This is our own, our native land." From the granite of the Appalachians to the sands of the Pacific; from the pine trees of Minnesota to the Palm Groves of Florida and the prairies of Texas, people of every creed, race and origin are today reaffirming their loyalty, their devotion, their love of this blessed land. Every culture and race of the entire earth has contributed to this mighty nation, and today we present a unified republic as an example of democracy's power, and a warning to tyrants and despoilers.

Americanism means not a blind loyalty or enforced patriotism. Our people do not serve, fight or work, under the whip-lash of alien masters. No super-religionist can compell our knees to bow at an altar where the heart is not. Our chapels and churches are free and we enter our respective abodes of worship without hindrance or fear. We are Americans, and that means *we respect every man's race, every man's color, every man's creed—if this be not so, our Americanism is a mockery and a sham.*

Americanism does not mean uniformity. It means unity. We do not all think alike, nor express the same political or religious or racial loyalties, but we can—indeed we must—all act together that the opportunity for remaining free people cannot be taken from us. Democracy must maintain, tolerate and preserve our differences. Only countries and peoples cursed by the delusions of cruel men, suffering complexes of grandeur, must drive all their people into the same slavery.

Our strength is our unity, which is not the deadly, devitalized stagnation of all thinking, acting, worshipping or

living alike. Our common loyalty is the evidence of how highly we esteem the variety of life among us. And now that all we have and are blend with the efforts of our gallant allies, we approach the hour of destiny, when the ideals for which we have fought and died shall be in the sky of men's hopes, over every nation and every race around the world—*to the achievement of this exalted purpose let us here and now pledge our sacred honor, and by so doing become kinsmen of all who have bled and died for freedom along the highways of history. America! thy part in the world's quest for light and liberty is great! Let us not fail to keep "our rendezvous with destiny!"*

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE MONTH

FROM APRIL 15TH TO MAY 15, 1943

APRIL

15—Radio Address. WGN and seven other stations.
Address. Rotary Club. Hotel Statler. Cleveland, Ohio.

16—Radio Address. WGN and seven other stations.
Address. Palmer School P.T.A.

18—Two Palm Sunday services. Peoples Church.
Address. Hebrew Immigrant Society. Grand Ball Room, Covenant Club.

19—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Holy Week Address. Erlanger Theatre.
Address to Congregational Ministers.
Holy Week Service. Peoples Church.

20—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Holy Week Address. Erlanger Theatre.
Holy Week Address. Peoples Church.

21—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Holy Week Address. Erlanger Theatre.
Address. Chicago Woman's Club.
Holly Week Address. Peoples Church.

22—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Holy Week Address. Erlanger Theatre.
Holy Week Address. Peoples Church.

23—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Holy Week Address. Erlanger Theatre.
Holy Week Address. Peoples Church.

25—Four Easter Services. Peoples Church.

26—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

27—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

28—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

29—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

30—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

MAY

2—Sunday Service. Peoples Church.

3—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

4—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Cut 5 Radio Records.

5—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Board of Trustees' Meeting. Peoples Church.
Cut 5 Radio Records.

6—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.
Cut 5 Radio Records.

7—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

9—Sunday Service. Peoples Church.
Sunday Evening Sermon. Warren Avenue Congregational Church. (17th consecutive Mothers' Day Address in this church.)

10—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

11—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

12—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

13—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

14—Radio Address. WGN and nine other stations.

Christenings

APRIL

18—Dorothy May Lawson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lawson.
Jonnene Irene Dunlop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Dunlop.
Diane Marie Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Johnson.

25—(Easter Christenings listed in April number.)

MAY

1—Virginia Ann Byers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Byers.

9—Jerri Frances Katzke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Katzke.
Donald James Ghimenti, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Ghimenti.
James Lawrence Atwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Atwell.

Funerals

APRIL

18—Charles A. Winston.
19—Augusta Stein.
20—Wm. Elmer Harris.
23—Mrs. Irene Dallas.

MAY

1—Mrs. Hulda Henderson.
3—Mrs. Alice Blenkharn.
Mrs. Augusta Newman.
6—Mrs. Anna C. Nielsen
7—Andrew J. Wilson.
Mrs. Charles M. Smotter.
8—Mrs. David Wilkinson
9—Charles Benham.
15—Gus Tollaksen.
Julia Wellick (Memorial).
Marie Nelson Ranous.

Weddings

APRIL

17—Louis J. Salzman and Thoris E. Bain.

24—Harold H. Faust and Caroline Hopkins.
Otto Schinagl and Beatrice Dixon.
Walter Taczesniak and Virginia Regier.

MAY

1—Norman Wold and Dorothy Romps.

5—Harvey Simon and Kathryn Daniel.
Alden Perkins and Dorothy Davis.

9—Otis Taylor and Eleanor Frances Jeannet.
Alfred A. Natho and Katherine Kratky.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check_____ Money Order_____ for $1.50.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier

Robert John Wendland
William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams

Franklyn Adams
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Stephanie M. Kratovil

*Killed in action.
**Reported missing at sea.

Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock
Weekly broadcasts by Dr. Bradley daily over the following stations:

WGN—Chicago, Ills.....7:15 a.m.
KYSM—Mankato, Minn..6:30 p.m.
WNAX—Yankton, S. D....6:00 p.m.
KBTM—Jonesboro, Ark...7:45 a.m.
KROC—Rochester, Minn..6:30 p.m.
WOW—Omaha, Neb.....7:15 a.m.
KSD—St. Louis, Mo.....7:15 a.m.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo....6:00 p.m.
WHO—Des Moines, Ia.....6:00 p.m.
KATE—Albert Lea-
Austin, Minn. .....8:00 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE, Resumed Nov. 7th.....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
Channing Hall, Sunday morning, 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH.....**Hall C, Sunday morning—11:00 o'clock**

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES.....
November through March, 8:00 o'clock sharp, Church Auditorium

CHOIR REHEARSALS....Thursday evenings, 8:00 o'clock Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT....Every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall—9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—For summer activities, phone Mrs. R. F. Bacon, Corr. Sec., Edg. 1735.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
For summer activities, phone Miss Grace Rozanski, Bri. 6914.

MEN'S CLUB....Meets every fourth Monday, Channing Hall, 8:00 o'clock
November through May

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.....Meets every Sunday afternoon, 4:00 o'clock, in Channing Hall

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. June play—Every Friday and Saturday. Curtain, 8:30 p.m. Tickets 55c. Thursday attractions. The Uptown Players invite you to their regular Sunday Evening Vesper Services, conducted by J. Bradley-Griffin, 5:00 to 6:00, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See complete June schedule page 16.)

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

Student Assistant

John K. Hammon, Meadville School—
Hyde Park 2077

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Walter H. Hermsdorf, President
2130 Lincoln Park West — Lin. 6018

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Vice President
5550 Kenmore Ave. — Longbeach 9160

Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

C. K. Anderson	H. B. Hunter
C. W. Denicke	Mrs. J. J. Reynolds
Thos. A. Harrison	E. L. Roubinek, Jr.
Walter H. Hermsdorf	William M. Stickney

John N. Powell

COMMITTEE—Finance Committee

Mr. Thos. A. Harrison, Chairman
Mr. C. K. Anderson
Mr. E. L. Roubinek, Jr.

Church Service Committee

Mr. E. L. Roubinek, Jr., Chairman
All members of the Board assisting
Mrs. E. L. Roubinek, Jr., Floral Chairman

Auditing Committee

Mr. W. M. Stickney, Chairman
Mr. H. B. Hunter

Social Committee

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Chairman

Mrs. R. R. Flesher	Rudolph J. Olson
Mrs. Roy H. Monson	C. E. Appelquist
Mrs. A. S. Kredler	H. W. Vickerson

Membership Committee

H. B. Hunter, Chrm.	Mrs. Mary Thurlow
Max Treichel	Jack E. Kolinen
Mrs. L. Whitman	E. Kokoefer
Miss D. Thompson	R. R. Flesher

Contributions and Pledges Committee

Mr. Walter H. Hermsdorf, Chairman
Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. H. B. Hunter
Mrs. E. L. Roubinek, Jr.

Literature Table — Mrs. Frank Bryan

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

Emerson Abernethy, Choir Director
434 Aldine Av. — Buckingham 0181

Philip Jorgensen, Organist

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

C. W. Denicke, Superintendent
936 Margate Terrace — Longbeach 4328

Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

Mrs. Clara Kolinen, Secretary
2719 W. Medill — Humboldt 7304

USHERS' CLUB

William Emrich, President
949 Lawrence Ave. — Ard. 0983

Max Treichel, Vice-President
1700 N. Francisco Ave. — Arm. 2751

W. M. Cooke, Treasurer
4423 Sheridan Rd. — Lon. 0800

Lorents Breining, Sergeant-at-Arms
5431 Drummond Pl. — Nat. 0349

John F. Langhoff, Secretary
2832 Eastwood Ave. — Jun. 3944

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
941 Lawrence Ave. — Lon. 6878

Mrs. Fred C. Whitman, President
4546 Sheridan Road — Sun. 4893

Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, Vice-President
6957 N. Keating Ave. — Lincolnwood, Ill.

Mrs. Mark A. Miles, Rec. Secretary
919 W. Carmen Ave. — Sun. 7898

Mrs. R. F. Bacon, Corr. Secretary
4608 Hazel Ave. — Edg. 1735

Mrs. George H. Staub, Treasurer
2400 N. Kilbourn Ave. — Alb. 6502

Directors

Mrs. Frank Bryan, Miss Ethel Fowler, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Mrs. Edward Nolte and Mrs. John Wohlfarth.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President
6609 N. Campbell Ave. — Bri. 9035

Miss Dorothy Young, Vice-President
1717 Chicago Ave., Evanston — Gre. 6168

Mrs. Jane Jones, Rec. Secretary
1261 Argyle St.

Miss Grace Rozanski, Corr. Secretary
1434 Thome Ave. — Bri. 6914

Miss Dolly Kolberg, Treasurer
5449 N. Glenwood Ave. — Sun. 6850

MEN'S CLUB

Harry H. Perry, President
600 Barton Ave., Evanston, Ill.

L. H. Dall, Vice-President
8912 Skokie Blvd., Skokie, Ill.

Oscar J. Smith, Secretary
1029 N. Lockwood Ave.

John F. Langhoff, Treasurer
2832 Eastwood Ave.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
410 S. Michigan Ave. — Webster 2123

W. B. Haslet, Business Manager
410 S. Michigan Ave. — Webster 2123

Mary Thurlow, Secretary-Treasurer
1447 N. Dearborn St. — Superior 1570

THE YOUNG PEOPLES CLUB

Frank Rose, President
4008 N. Sheridan Road

Barbara Murphy, Secretary
5118 N. Lincoln Ave.

JUNIOR CHURCH

John K. Hammon, Student Asst., Director

Books By
Dr. Preston Bradley

"Courage For Today"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.00

"Mastering Fear"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.00

"Power From Right Thinking"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

"Life and You"
—HARPERS—$1.50

"New Wealth For You"
—STOKES—$1.50

"Meditations"
—PULPIT PRAYERS—$1.00

"My Daily Strength" (New)
—DAILY INSPIRATIONAL READINGS
AND PRAYERS——$1.00

At All Booksellers Everywhere

"COURAGE FOR TODAY" AND "MASTERING FEAR"
ARE BLUE RIBBON BOOKS—ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Books For These Days